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The Triangle of Bermuda

[plane](#) [crash](#) [disaster](#)

120 8 8

Chapter 1 by Adam Boulton

I woke to the sound of the low hum outside my reinforced plastic window separating the pressurised cabin I was in, from the sub-zero, choking conditions outside.

Despite me travelling at approximately 550 miles per hour, I couldn't help but feeling we were travelling at 5 miles per hour after staring out at the vast, slow-moving ocean below me.

It was only now that I began to seep back into reality after my rather relaxing snooze. First I heard the sparse chatter coming from various directions in the plane, then I felt the wildly annoying kicks from the unfortunate all-well-too-known toddler behind my seat. It was only then that I saw the blinding flash of bright white light, followed by a head-splitting explosion deafen me.

The plane spiralled into a stall, sending everyone flying into the roof - many dying on impact - and those who survived were shot back into the floor by yet another huge wave of G-force. I only had time to witness the large crack form in the floor before I was launched into the wall and black out.

Chapter 2 by Morgan Walton



When I came to, I was lay against the seat with my rucksack hanging from the overhead compartments. I looked down at my hands, they were not my own and I was covered in sand.

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Wait, I was in a plane, so where did the sand come from?

Where am I?

And how on Earth did I survive? The plane was falling from thousands of feet in the air. Even if I impacted water from that height I would soon die. I would be squished and I hit the concrete.

A moan. What was that? Is someone else alive? Or am I dead?

No. Don't think like that. Stay positive. Shout out to them.

"Hhhh...."

Why can't I speak? I'll try again.

"Hhhhhh...."

What is happening? What happened to my voice?

"Is anyone there?" They're in pain. I have to help them!

I get up and start walking over, my feet in agony with every step I take.

"Help me, please" I walk faster. Why can't I move my arm?

I see a leg sticking out from behind the chairs. I reach the corner and hold my hand out towards them.

And they reach their hand to me.

Chapter 3 by Madi



I reach out and grasp his hand, I can see how blood soaked one of his pant legs are, he must be really hurt. I could also see a couple other scratches and grazes along his arms. He lets out a moan as I pull him up from his position. "Are you alright?" I ask and look up to meet his eyes. His eyes are a dark blue and his hair is a light shade of a mix of yellow and white. If you removed the blood off his tanned face and the streaks of it in his hair, he would be quite handsome. "I'm okay." his voice sounds drained and weak. If it so happens that we are the only two people left alive after the crash, my best chance is keeping him around. Right...

Chapter 4 by PK Cubed



The plane was on an island. I had just seen a yellow bird flying in this area. It must have been too small to be reported.

"Hi, I'm Jack" I said. He looked at me. "I'm Matthew" he said in a soft voice.

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The roof of the aircraft was crumpled and it was open in places. I decided to look for an exit. I walked down the center isle. I passed by many wounded people. No signs of any life other than me and my new friend Mathew. After walking a bit, I saw an emergency exit. I pushed the door. Nothing happened. I tried in different places. It didn't budge. Then I saw a lever that said,"Push to open". I pushed it and the door swung open. I stepped into the sand below me.

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